

Good Morning 779

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Two at Home for Sto. James Maughan

THERE was quite a crowd at 6 Middleton Street, Blyth, when the "Good Morning" reporter and photographer called. House-cleaning was in progress, and three youngsters had just arrived to return the vacuum cleaner that had been lent to neighbours a long time ago; friends had called for a cup of tea and a chat, and a girl friend had arrived for the week-end.

But Mrs. Irene Maughan was "at home," and so was Judy the dog—very important member of the family; she's the pet Stoker James Maughan bought Irene on his last leave. Judy is a real pal for Irene, and the picture shows how

she has grown from the tiny pup she was when Jim carried her home to Middleton Street.

Mrs. Maughan was very happy, because she had had two letters from Stoker Maughan that very morning, and two the day before, and letters from Jim are the next best thing to seeing him, she says!

She has finished her factory job at North Seaton, and she will be sorry to miss the girls she worked with for so long, but she will soon be fixed up in another job in Blyth to keep her busy until Stoker Maughan gets back, and she has a full-time job running the home.

A.B. Harold Shaw has a Song to Remember

WE called to see Miss Ivy Whittington at 10, Albert Road, Sandown, Isle of Wight, and this is her news. She hopes to go dancing again with you, A.B. Harold Shaw, at the Crossways, Gosport, as soon as you return.

"Do you remember when we went to the Odeon at Pompey with your Mum and saw 'Going My Way'? I hope you have been going my way ever since, because I am always thinking of you."

Miss Whittington is getting your letters regularly, and is very thrilled about the plans for the forthcoming marriage.

Your fiancée, with Mum and Dad and Joan and Wally, went down to the beach on VJ-Night and danced around the bonfire until quite late.

On their return, the Sandown children were letting off fireworks in the Backway, and Wally went round picking up all the bits afterwards.

Ivy went over to see your mother the week before we called; there were terrific queues for the boats, but she managed to make it, and learned that Evelyn's husband, Norman, has just gone abroad, and hopes to meet you one day.

Beryl hopes to be engaged soon when Ben comes back from Germany, and Jerry is still busy in the Dockyards. All at 34 wish you all the best.

Ivy is looking forward to your preparing some special big eats when you get back (as we understand you are some chef). She also says she hopes to be able to play "In a Monastery Garden" in grand style on the piano when you return.

Ivy closed her message by saying that she is longing for the time when you can put into practice that favourite song of yours, "Kiss Me Again," and in meantime sends you all her love!

Come Off the Ice— You Will Get Burned!

THEY, the scientists, have found a new wonder. It is ice—dry ice. They are sealed in bored holes, and when the cartridge releases its stored-up pressure the coal is blasted downwards. It can be used in gardening, too. Say a nurseryman wants to transplant a tree. Often, when the job is being done, earth falls away from the roots and the tree may be thus damaged.

Now the nurseryman, if he is up to date, soaks the ground around the tree with water, then slabs of dry ice are laid on the soaked ground.

When the ground is frozen the gardener can lift the tree by crane, or as he likes, and it can be moved to other ground without harm. They also use it in medicine. Dry ice can desensitise areas of skin which are about to undergo painful treatment. The patient doesn't feel a thing even although the surgeon is cutting the part.

Moreover the patient can see—if he wishes—the operation being performed. But only a few have done so, so far.

In the machine trades where one metal member must fit closely to another dry ice is used with excellent results.

It has been found that airplane rivets, when treated with dry ice, contract; and they are then inserted into their holes and expand to the proper fitting.

In cases where a water main breaks it is usual to shut off the

water supply, but this method (food) in cold storage for many hours.

Quite recently a company tried dry ice to repair the break. It was a success.

The main was frozen on each side of the fractured pipe, workmen made the repairs, and the dry ice unfroze and all was well.

A farmer troubled with weevils in his stored grain got a dry ice manufacturer to treat the store. There were no more weevils.

COLD STORAGE.

Perhaps the greatest use of dry ice is in direct refrigeration. Large ice-cream trucks, which required up to 2,000 lbs. of water ice in their bunkers can be operated with less than fifty lbs. of dry ice made from carbon dioxide.

Some time ago an experiment was made to show how dry ice could be used in homes where refrigerating was required.

A lady wanted ice cream for dinner to be served to her guests. It was delivered packed in large quantities of water ice, in a freezer of considerable size.

The ice-cream was taken from it when the call came from the table; but as many wanted ice-cream at different intervals it was a job to keep the stuff hard. Dry ice did it.

All fear of food decay has gone. In cases where a water main breaks it is usual to shut off the

All that is needed is a pat of the dry ice about the size of a small cake.

How is dry ice made? Most of it comes from burning coke!

One ton of coke will produce two tons of gas; and the heat generated in the operation can be used to fire boilers for generating electricity as well, or run gas compressors.

Nothing like dry ice!

ALAN THORNWOOD.



"Cut 'em lengthways, you dope! Forget you once worked a bacon-slicer!"

Spot the Winner— A.B. Les Rayner

WEDNESDAY night is Whittington night at 26, Redoubt-road, Eastbourne, and, according to custom, Mr. and Mrs. Whittington were paying their weekly visit to your parents the evening we called on them, A.B. Leslie Rayner. Both of them send you very best wishes and join your parents in hoping it won't be long before you take your place alongside them for a game of darts.

You will find that—as your father said—"Mum isn't throwing them into the skirting so often." In fact the situation is much improved—or maybe you don't think so—because Mum keeps on winning these days!

In case you don't know, we can tell you that the board continues to serve its purpose a little right of that picture which shows a little girl (the



one your father insists is like your mother) and a lamb.

If the dart-board is still getting plenty of use, the gramophone is not. It is ready for your thought, and Mum is looking after your records. She and Dad both hope it will not be long before you are putting them on the turntable again.

Your parents have paid a visit to Croydon recently to see your sister and the children. They are all very well, and you are going to enjoy meeting young David who is apparently just like his mother.

Returning from Croydon to Eastbourne, but not to number 26, you might like to hear about some of your friends.

Long Ginger has returned from the Arctic and wishes to be remembered to you, together with Mary Fife, who has been staying at Eastbourne on holiday with her family. Do you remember Vi? Well, she has taken the plunge into matrimony, your mother believes with a Scotsman.

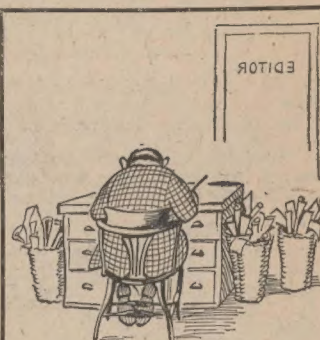
The Club is still in fine fettle, and Dad continues to partake of his Guinness regularly. Councillor Wood and Mr. Shad often enquire about you and look forward to seeing you back with them soon.

When we called, they were getting ready for the Annual Flower and Fruit Show, but your mother was not exhibiting. Nevertheless, she had some very fine roses in a vase on the table and she volunteered the information that the tomatoes and beans were flourishing in the garden.

Your parents sincerely hope you will be in time to sample them.

In the meantime, Mum tends her garden and Dad keeps his business flourishing. Sometimes they go to the Redoubt Bandstand to listen to the concerts or variety shows, sometimes they watch the divers on the front and remember with pride your own efforts, and each Wednesday they play darts.

Everything is just the same at home Leslie, except that you are not there, so everyone hopes you will make a swift return to Eastbourne.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

The Snake had come to Eden

GEORGE PERRY turned to his nephew. "Tom, you'll like the place, won't you, after the roving life you've had? I made it as pleasant as I could think. I have a garden—yams, sweet potatoes, cassava, and all the fruit you can think of. Livin' here, you need nothing, owe nothing, fear nothing. You can have all a man requires, and more than any of us deserves. You won't go away again, Tom?"

A flush deepened the tan on the cheeks of the young man, whose eyes were on his plate.

"Maybe Shark Gulf changes folks' habits," he said.

"It finds men out, Tom. There's nothing like the peace of such a place as this to heal the scars of the big, rough, outside world. It's wonderful! I've seen both sides of life, and if there's any good in a man he feels it here."

The nephew kept his eyes on his plate for a few minutes, then lifted them and gazed round the room. On the walls were trophies of the sea, skins of land animals, jars of honey, preserved fruits.

Above the fireplace, between two long fishing-rods, was a portrait of a woman. Old George Perry nodded towards the picture.

"That's your mother, boy," he whispered. "Guess you don't remember it hanging in your old home? You were only a mite. The attorney got it for me from the things she left. Well, we'll talk afterwards."

Scripp had emptied the bottle of wine, and was busy eating. The boatmen took no part in the conversation. Young Bevey could not look at old George, for he was confused and overwhelmed at the attention the shark-killer was paying him.

He had expected to find a hard, tough old sea-dog; he had found a gentle, almost motherly, very lovable hermit instead.

One of the boatmen looked across the table.

"How's de tide, suh? We gotta get back to Port o' Spain to-night."

"The tide? It's on the ebb now, but I'll show you the trick of floating your boat through the surf."

It's a ticklish job for any one not a nail I didn't put in myself, and sir, for a while. There's water in the undertow it's solid and firm. You ain't the tank."

"Married? Oh, dear, no!" "Got a girl, Tom?" "Not even that," laughed the young man. "There ain't any girl would have me, a penniless seaman. I've wasted my life roving here and there."

They went down to the beach—all except Scripp, who wasn't interested in the undertow. George Perry showed the boatmen how to run the craft beyond the surf, and leap aboard on the last breaker. It was certainly ticklish work, but they managed it at last and got away.

When the two men returned to the house they found Scripp asleep in his chair, his head hanging at a sharp angle, and a new bottle of wine empty at his side.

George Perry picked up the bottle and walked out to the rear of the house and threw it in the dustbin. His nephew tried to wake Scripp by shaking him.

"Let him alone, Tom. He'll sleep it off. We'll carry him out to the stoep."

The face of the old man was in grave as they laid Scripp on the wooden floor with a pillow under his head.

"Tom, I'm glad you have more sense than your friend—drinking island wine like that in the heat. Scripp was still asleep, but he woke. You're all right, Tom. When is up as they sat down to the tea your friend due back on his ship?"

"I don't know." "All right, he's your friend, boy, yawned. "I'm not mean; but tell him to keep away from the wine stock, old man."

He'll go crazy if he drinks much just now. Come along, and I'll show you my place. I made it. I planted them almond-trees and the oranges, and made the garden. I built this bungalow. There's not

it?" pursued Scripp. "We can get his dollars easy. He's got some pearls. I found some in his tobacco-jar."

"You didn't take them?" cried his companion. "Naw, not yet. We'll get 'em when we want 'em. He's bound to have a boat somewhere. I'll look out for it. We can't stay here more'n a few days."

"Oh, stop it, Scripp! It's all different now."

"What d'you mean? All different? You ain't weakening, are you?"

"Not what some would call weakening. But it's different. I'll give you my answer to-morrow. Everything's different. He's different. The place is different—all different from what I thought. I wish to heaven I hadn't listened to your plan to come here."

He rose and went into the bungalow. Scripp cursed under his breath as he smoked a last cigarette before he, too, turned in for the night.

Old George was out before the next morning, arranging tackle on the verandah. He was singing an old love-song to himself when a foot sounded behind him.

"Come on, Tom," he cried; "have your breakfast quick. I want to show you and your friend how to catch a shark with rod and line. The tide is just right. Where's Scripp?"

But Scripp wasn't ready. He was still in bed, and refused to go shark-fishing. He lay smoking cigarettes and would not accompany them when old George pressed him.

"All right, Tom; let's go alone. Scripp don't know what he's missing."

They went off together to the beach, where the surf was rolling in like thunder.

"The best time to get 'em is after dark," explained George, "but there's always sharks out

(Continued on page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. In what ball games do you score aces?
2. Of what European country is Tirana the capital?
3. Which of the months of the year are named after famous persons, and who are they?
4. What four countries are the largest producers of petroleum?
5. What three successive up to 8.

English sovereigns had the same father, and who was he?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Paint, Distemper, Lacquer, French Polish, Whitewash, Enamel, Varnish.

Answers to Quiz in No. 778

1. Mississippi.
2. Latvia.
3. 20 or 21.
4. 1799; William Pitt.
5. (a) Agriculture, (b) Sheep-herd.
6. The digits of 61 add up to 7; those of all the others add up to 8.

The Poet Laureate

VERY few people could name half-a-dozen of the Poets Laureate of England since the end of the 16th century. Until comparatively recently the high honour was given more often to a skilled versifier who could produce the right kind of poem at the right moment rather than to the greatest poet of the day. Milton, Keats, Shelley, Cowper, Gray, Coleridge—you will find none of these names in the list.

On the other hand you will find names like Nahum Tate, Laurence Eusden, Henry James Pye and others whose poems are completely unknown to-day except to a few specialised scholars.

Holding the position of Poet Laureate has been no guarantee of immortality except in the reference books!

The duties of the Poet Laureate are, at any rate officially, to produce appropriate verses for State occasions such as birthdays, coronations and great victories.

William Wordsworth accepted the position of Poet Laureate in 1843 only on condition that he was not expected to produce these topical and formal verses.

His successor, Tennyson, however, was happy in such efforts. He held the position for the record period of 46 years, and produced some successful poems of the type expected.

At one time "Laureate" was a word—derived from the ancient laurel wreath used to honour poets and heroes—freely granted. The universities chose their own Poets Laureate, and it was only at the end of the 16th century that Poet Laureate began to be exclusively associated with a poet honoured by the King.

The first poet definitely so honoured was Ben Jonson, but some contend that Samuel Daniel was Poet Laureate before him.

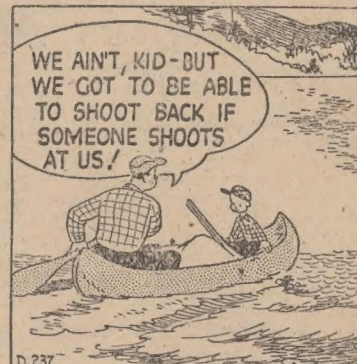
It had long been the custom for kings to reward favoured poets who composed suitable verses with money and wine.

A butt of Canary wine became the accepted perquisite of the Poet Laureate as well as a pension, that has varied from time to time. Dryden got £300 a year. Lord Tennyson received £72 a year and £27 instead of the butt of sack.

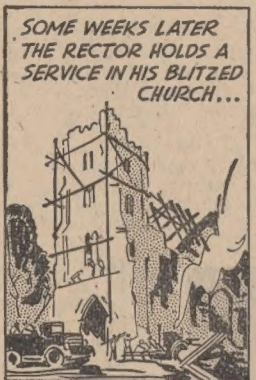
The present Poet Laureate is John Masefield, O.M., who succeeded Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate noted for his "silence." After his appointment in 1913 Bridges wrote very little poetry.

J. M. M.

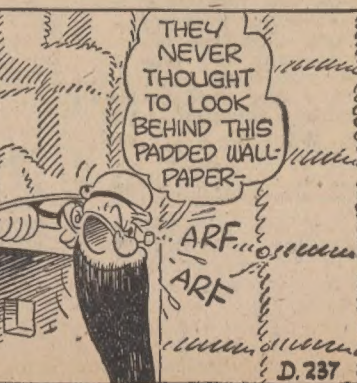
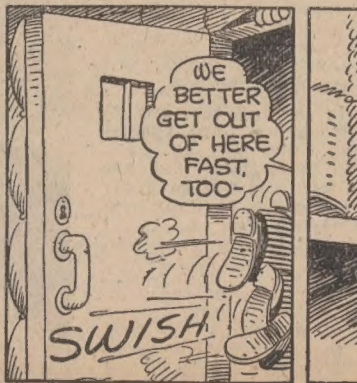
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 717

- 1. Behead a fastener and get a party of men.
- 2. Insert the same letter 3 times, add two commas, and make sense of: wimamwim!
- 3. What famous mountains can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He always _____ in his sleep, just like the _____ of a lot of distant bagpipers.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 716

- 1. L-EAVES.
- 2. Speak plainly to important people.
- 3. NILE.
- 4. Sorted, stored.

JANE

The Snake had come to Eden

(Continued from Page 2) lassooed so that it could be hauled so was the day after that. Scripp took no interest in the doings of his pal and George Perry. He seldom spoke to the old shark-slayer, but a bottle of wine was disappearing every morning. On the fourth day he came round the headland in a small sailing-boat.

He brought her in, riding on the crest of the surf, and drove her well up the beach.

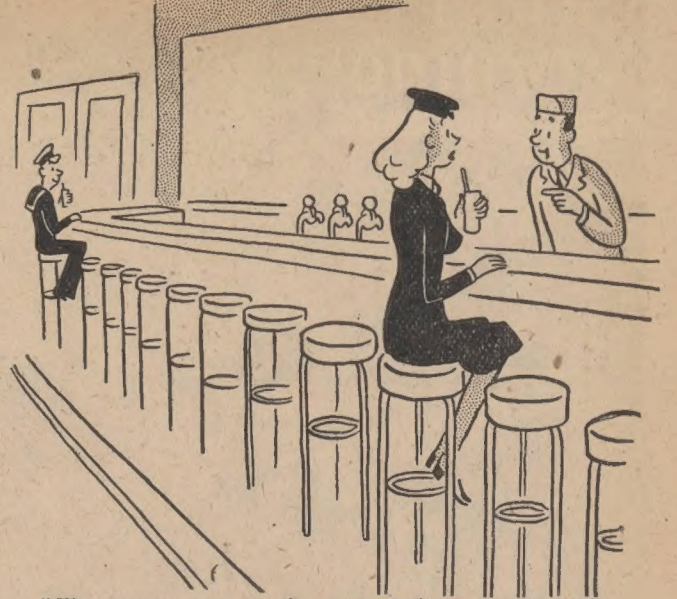
"Guess that's your boat, old man?" he said to George. "I found her in a cove round the head, and took the liberty of sailing home on her. She's a good little craft."

Old George nodded, making no remark, but his eyes sought his nephew's face, only to find that the latter was trying not to look at him.

But Scripp was not to be seen when they returned to the bungalow. He had gone off by himself, and had taken a bottle of wine from the store.

George Perry made no remark, but he kept looking up and down the beach, and it was not until late at night that Scripp returned. He just nodded to them as they sat on the verandah, and passed into his room.

The next day was the same, and



"The young man at the end of the bar says, 'Why are you so distant to him?'"

(To be concluded).

People are Queer

ON the day Japan surrendered Bette Davis, the film star, had a date to keep. She had promised, in a light moment about a year before, to allow an employee of the Hollywood stage door canteen to throw a custard-pie in her face when the yellow men gave in.

She's had it.

YOU would think, to look at him, that Mr. Gerald Francis Gurrin, was the terror of criminals. A cheerful, well-upholstered bachelor of sixty-two years, he seems the last man to play an important part in putting forgers behind the bars.

Yet in his flat on the top storey of Bath House, Holborn Viaduct, where he has a laboratory equipped with a host of unusual gadgets, more pen-man trickery has been revealed than anywhere else in the country.

Mr. Gurrin has spent his whole life, as did his father before him, examining suspicious signatures and documents for the police and private clients. It is not only the actual writing that comes under his microscope.

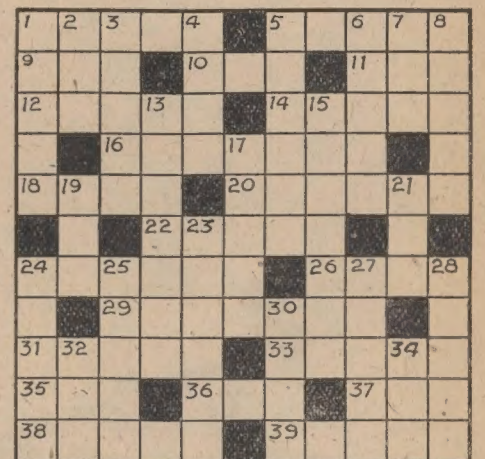
He spends a good deal of his time examining the ink, paper, or typewriter used—and the spelling of a doubtful document. And it often takes weeks before he is satisfied one way or another.

His most recent big job has been to examine papers in the William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) case.

D. N. K. B.

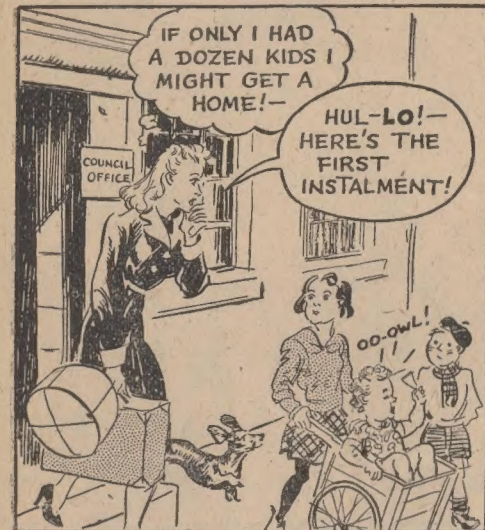
CROSS-WORD CORNER

LURCH DANCE
AN HOLE OAK
RIGID FENCE
GOUT HAM T
ONE DOMINIE
SCENERY
NATIVES MRS
W TOY OPAL
VALET BAHIA
ORE EMUS NB
WEDGE STAYS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Fruit. 5 Wanders. 9 Baronet's title. 10 Through. 11 Bird. 12 Stop. 14 Trumpet sound. 16 Wordy orator. 18 Harmonise. 20 Feel indignant about. 22 Indolence. 24 Typewriter roller. 26 Retained. 29 Marauder. 31 Flasco. 33 Palm. 35 Chinchilla. 36 Dwarf. 37 Mire. 38 Spanish title. 39 Fragrant herb.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Berkshire town. 2 Baked dish. 3 Crustacean. 4 Level. 5 Step-shaped cut. 6 Proverb. 7 Spoil. 8 Melodious. 9 Daytime rests. 15 Armed Indians. 17 Idler. 19 Bird. 21 Squeeze. 23 Communication. 24 Inflates. 25 Nut. 27 Foe. 28 Barter. 30 Floating structure. 32 Shrub. 34 With.



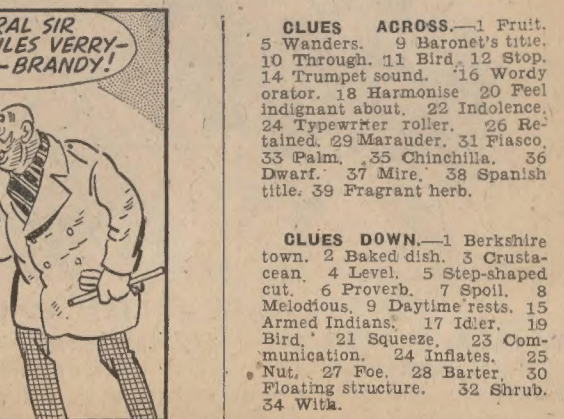
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Good Morning



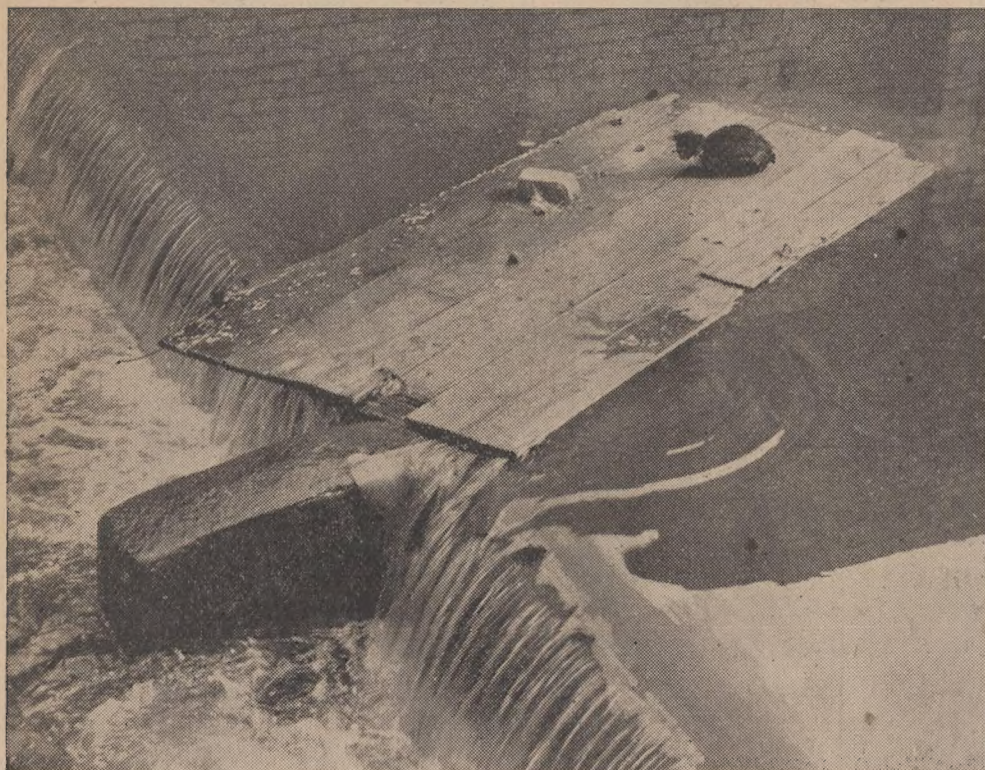
COMING THRO' THE RYE.

Restful, this — and you can almost smell the Suffolk air. Suffolk Punches, popular on American farms, help to bring in a bumper harvest of rye. Wise and sturdy, the Punches need no lash, and haul on a loose rein.



WASHED OUT.

"Rain stopped play." We know what that means to keen cricket fans. And we SEE what it means to these enthusiastic scholars, who went to Manchester's Old Trafford to see the Test. But it's always raining up there . . .



BLACK KITTEN FOR LUCK !

On the brink of the torrent kitten is safe. Someone tied a brick to his neck, flung him into the river. String snapped, kit landed on the raft, and is now living in a good home, with all nine lives intact. And we're glad.



PLAYTIME COMFORT.

That's the name of the two-piece ensemble round the one-piece. Delightful Virginia Grey could do without the hieroglyphics—they say: "Sunshine and the luck numbers seven and eleven."



LEANING LOVELINESS.

Flaxen-haired, sweet-and-slender Janis Carter—you'll be seeing more of her soon—is a perfect match for sunny weather, and will go all the way to the brightest part of the film firmament if she keeps that smiling end up!